



A N .
E L E G Y
 O N T H E
Death of His Sacred Majesty,
KING CHARLES the II.
 O F B L E S S E D M E M O R Y .

Unwelcome News! *White-Hall* it's *Sable* Wears,
 And each Good Subject lies *dissolv'd* in Tears!
Justly indeed; for *CHARLES* is Dead the Great!
 (Who can so much as such great *Griefs* repeat?)
 King *CHARLES* the Good, in whom that Day there fell
 More than *one Tribe* in this our *Israel*!
 Ah! Cruel Death! we find thy *Fatal Sting*,
 In *Losing* Him that was so Good a KING:
 A KING so Wise, so Just, and H'had great part
 In *SOLOMON'S* Wisdom, and in *DAVID'S* Heart:
 A KING! whose *Vertues* onely to Rehearfe,
 Rather requires a *VOLUMN* then a *VERSE*.
 Sprung from the Loyns of *Charles* of Blessed Fame,
 A Worthy SON of His Great *FATHERS* Name:
 His *Parents* and His *Grandfires* *Vertues*, He,
 As H'did their *Crown*, enjoy'd *ex Traduce*,
 Of th' Best and Greatest of *KINGS*, the *Epitome*.
 His *Justice* such, as none could Him Affright,
 From doing t' *all*, to God and *Subjects* Right.
 Punish He could, but like *He'vens* Majesty,
 Would that a *Traitor* should Repent, not Dye.
 His *Prudence* to the *LAWS* due *Vigour* gave;
 He *saved* Others, and Himself did *save*.
 His *Valour* and His *Courage*, VVrite who can?
 B'ing a Good *Souldier* e're he was a *Man*:
 VVrestling with *Sorrows* in a Land Unknown,
 Whilst *Herod* did *Usurp* His Royal Throne:
 Banish'd His *Native Country* every Day,
 Like *Moses*, at the Brink of *Death* He lay:
 But that *Storm's* over, and Blest be that *Hand*
 That gave Him *Conduct* to His *Peaceful Land*;

Where this Great KING the *Gordion Knot* Unties
 Of *Heavens*, the *Kingdoms*, and His *Enemies*;
 Not with the *Sword*, but with His *Grace* and *Love*,
 Giving to those their *Lives* that for His *stroke*.
 Never did Person so much *Mercy* Breath,
 Since our Blest *Saviour's*, and His *Father's* Death.
 In *fine*, His *Actions* may our *Pattern* be,
 His *Godly Life*, the *Christian Diary*.
 But now He's Dead, alas! our *David's* gon,
 And having Serv'd His *Generation*,
 Is *fall'n Asleep*; That *Glorious Star's* no more,
 That th' *English Wisemen* led unto the *Shore*
 Of *Peace*, where *Gospel-Truth's* Profeft,
 Cherish'd within our *Pious Mothers* Breast,
 And with *Protection* of such *KINGS* still Blest:
 Blest with His *Piety*, and the Nation too,
 Happy in h's *Reign*, with *Milk* and *Honey* flew:
 Yea, Blest so much with *Peace* and *Natures* store,
Heaven could scarce give, or We desire no more:
 But yet, alas, He's Dead! Mourn *England*, Mourn,
 And all your *Scarlet* into *Sack-Cloth* turn:
 Let *Dust* and *Ashes* with your *Tears* Comply,
 To *Weep*, not *Sing*, His *Mournful Elegy*:
 And let your *Love* to *Charles* be shown hereby,
 In rendring *James* your *Prayers* and *Loyalty*.
 Long may Great *JAMES* these *Kingdoms* Scepter sway,
 And may His *Subjects* lovingly Obey;
 Whilst with *Joynt* Consort, all agree to *Sing*,
 Heaven Bless these *Kingdoms*, and God Save the KING.

Entered according to Order.